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## For Portsmouth and Portsmouth's Interests

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MONDAY, DEC. 22, 1902.

### DEPENDENCE.

No man is entirely independent of his fellow men. Robinson Crusoe on his desert island was aided in sustaining existence by the food supplies and the useful implements obtained from the wreck of his ship, so that even his solitary life was a partially dependent one. Later writers have placed their heroes in more difficult positions than Crusoe's, but none of them have ventured to make the shipwrecked man absolutely self-reliant. If they had, their stories would have been so improbable that no one would have cared to read them.

In the affairs of life we are all more or less dependent upon each other. Were it not for the poor man who sells his labor, the wealthy would find their riches of little use. Pride of purse may be natural, but there is nevertheless little excuse for such pride. Few men would refuse riches, but there are some who feel no especial pride in their possession. Such men realize their dependence; realize that if merchants refused to sell to them and men refused to work for them that their gold would be so much dross.

It is undoubtedly true that the rich are more dependent upon the poor than the poor upon the rich. The poor, however, are still dependent upon the wealthy and dependant, also, upon each other. Ideal socialism, it is true, eliminates rich and poor alike, but ideal socialism is only ideal dependence. It simply makes the human race one large family. If the socialist could have his way, all men would be brothers, just as Christianity teaches that they should be. Socialism, however, is impractical, just as most ideals are impractical. It is not, perhaps, even desirable that such ideals should be reached. Socialism would remove the incentive for individual effort and by making the man completely dependent upon the community might, probably would, retard the progress of the world. It might even make drosses of all mankind.

The realization of our dependence, however, makes us more patient with the shortcomings of our fellow men makes us more generous, makes us, in short, better citizens. We become, too, more self-reliant, paradoxical as this may seem, because we realize that if we are dependent upon others others are also dependent upon us and that we owe a duty to the community which requires the development of the best in ourselves and demands that our work shall be well done.

Dependence, therefore, does not necessarily mean servility.

### PENCIL POINTS.

The Nevada gives Europe another reason for bowing to the Monroe doctrine.

Will the world one day be ruled from Washington just as it was once ruled from Rome?

It is not yet Christmas, but the spring poet is even now writing about daffodils and mating birds.

The democrats in congress have little to say about the brutal American soldier, this term. Wonder why?

Mrs. Carrie Nation, reformer and

vaudeville artist, has not yet written a book, which is one thing in her favor.

Teddy isn't the fire eater lots of us thought he would be, but when Teddy says a thing he means it, just the same.

It is a paradox that the farthest western point in the possessions of the United States is also the point farthest east.

President Palma is finding out that there is something besides honor and glory in the position of first ruler of a new nation.

Europe seems to have lost some of its fear of Morgan. It is time for Pierpont to make another invasion of the Old World.

The map of the world changes so frequently in these days that to be up to date a man must spend a goodly portion of his salary for atlases.

How would the American workingman, who finds fault with his country and his government, like to change places with his fellows in other lands?

Uncle Sam is getting impatient. Colombia. He intends to start on that canal very soon and he doesn't intend to have the work interfered with, either.

The spirit of good will towards men, supposed to prevail at this Christmas season, does not seem to affect the attitude of the powers toward Venezuela.

Why will a man who has more money than he knows how to spend, cause suffering for his less fortunate brother in order to get more? A clear conscience is better than riches in life as well as in death.

It looks as if the attempt of Arizona and New Mexico to creep into the union under the wings of Oklahoma was doomed to failure. A larger proportion of the people of those territories must acquire a knowledge of the English language before their statehood ambitions are realized.

### FROM OTHER PAPERS.

Eat 'Em Up, Harvard!

Yale's catalogue shows an enrollment of 2,816 students, while Harvard takes credit for 4,261. And yet Harvard is not satisfied, for what are students if they cannot wipe up the ground and soak up the water with their fellowers.—Bladesford Journal.

### Don't Want Self Government.

Senator Gallinger's plan providing representation for the District of Columbia, and thus giving votes to the people of Washington, so long excluded from the suffrage, brings from the Washington Star the curious comment that the people do not care for local self government. "The popular feeling in the district," it says, "is opposed to self-government in its municipal phase. The people here are satisfied with the present municipal form of government. They are contented, so long as the national government bears its just proportion of the expenses of the capital of the Union, that congress shall legislate for the district and the president shall act as its governor."—Concord Monitor.

### Will Be Heard in January.

It was expected that Senator Burnham of New Hampshire would make

### FOOD NOT ALL

Food is not all the thin man needs. Maybe he's sick. You can't make him eat by bringing him food. But Scott's Emulsion can make him eat. That Emulsion gives a man appetite and feeds him both. It brings back lost flesh.

No trouble about digestion. The weakest stomach can digest Scott's Emulsion. It tastes good, too. Scott's Emulsion paves the way for other food. When wasted and weakened by long illness it gives strength and appetite that ordinary food cannot give. Not only food—medicine, too—Scott's Emulsion of pure cod-liver oil.

We'll send you a little to try if you like. SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl Street, New York.

## JUDGE GLANGY

Of Horpellville, N. Y., Hands Down an Important Decision

Judge James H. Clancy of Horpellville, N. Y., and one of the most prominent members of the bar in that historic town, decided recently that as against Blood and Liver trouble, Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy was worthy of the highest praise. He says:

"I have used Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy and strongly recommend it for its good effect in my case for liver trouble and blood disorder. It built me right up and I improved greatly in health."

Geo. H. Tift of 878 River street, Troy, N. Y., suffered from liver trouble and his blood was all out of order and after using "Favorite Remedy," has this to say:

"For any one suffering from that run down or tired out feeling, caused by blood or liver trouble, Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is the best medicine you can buy. I have used it and I know."

The one sure cure for diseases of the kidneys, liver, bladder and blood, rheumatism, dyspepsia and chronic constipation, is Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.

It matters not how sick you are, how long you have suffered, or how many physicians have failed to help you, Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy will cure you if a cure is possible.

It is for sale by all druggists in the New 50 Cent Size and the regular \$1.00 size bottles—less than a cent a dose. Sample bottle—enough for trial, free by mail. Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rondout, N. Y.

Dr. David Kennedy's Golden Plasters strengthen muscles, remove pain anywhere. No catch.

his first speech in the senate in support of the majority report of the committee on territories on the statehood bill, but an agreement to postpone the debate on this question until the senate re-assembles in January prohibited the junior senator from being heard at this time. Senator Burnham was with the committee on its tour through the southwest, and is strongly in favor of the report as made by Senator Nelson.—Washington Cor., Union.

### The Governor's Council.

One of the best acts of the convention was the unceremonious rejection of the proposition to abolish the governor's council and create the office of lieutenant-governor. Opposition to the governor's council is a chronic ailment among people who do not have things to their liking in that body, whether they be contractors or office seekers, and they are constantly breaking out with the asseveration that it is too old fashioned, that few other states have it, that it divides among six men the power and responsibility that the governor should have all to himself, and that it should be abolished. But the disease does not spread among well informed, and unprejudiced citizens, and there is no reason why it should, for there is no other class of officials that renders the state more or better service and save it so much money at so little cost as do the members of the executive council.

As to a lieutenant governor, there is no earthly need of one in New Hampshire. In any state he is simply a fifth wheel to a coach and here he would be worse than that.—Manchester Mirror.

### THEIR RETIREMENT POSTPONED

Secretary Moody on December 16 officially extended to Rear Admiral George W. Melville, chief of the bureau of steam engineering, and Rear Admiral Albert S. Kenney, paymaster general, the invitation of the president to remain as chiefs of their respective bureaus until the expiration of their four years' tour of duty. Admiral Melville will therefore remain a chief of the bureau of steam engineering until August 8, 1903, and Admiral Kenney as paymaster general of the navy until May 4, 1903. Both of these officers, whom we now take occasion to congratulate on the great compliment paid their official ability, will reach the age limit for active service in the navy in January, 1903. Admiral Melville on the 10th and Admiral Kenney on the 19th. Secretary Moody has stated in the most positive manner that he has not yet taken up for consideration the question of the successors of these two officers when they finally retire to private life.—Army and Navy Journal.

### A GREAT SUCCESS PROMISED.

The 27th annual concert and ball of the Revere Steam Fire Engine company, No. 3, which will be held at Freeman's hall on New Year's eve, promises to be the most successful of the entire series. Joy and Philbrick's orchestra will provide the music and an excellent concert program has been arranged, while the dance order will be an exceptionally good one. The advance sale of tickets has been unexpectedly large.

The almanac is willing to admit now that it is winter.

### AUTOMATIC TOYS.

Wonderful Things For the Little Folks This Christmas.

A woman ironing, a cook rolling out dough, and a girl manipulating a typewriter, are some of the familiar scenes produced in novel mechanical toys for the little folks this season. A big toy emporium has a long, green-covered table devoted exclusively to the exhibition of automatic wonders and great are the novelty and variety of subjects.

Not so long ago a toy donkey able to move itself about the floor or a monkey that could clap cymbals was a strikingly new plaything. Now the whole gamut of everyday employment is represented in mechanical toys, and some show two movements sustained at once. With a man playing on a piano, there is the mechanism which provides the sounds from the instrument and that which keeps the player's hands, feet and head in motion.

The organ grinder turning the handle, the gardener digging in his grounds, the cooper putting hoops on his barrel are novelties which can be had at a small outlay, considering the amusement they give, and the length of time they will last; the mangle working true even after the figures have become shabby and faded.

The circle about this odd game table never grows less from opening to closing time, although the spectators change constantly. Bears that climb and turn somersaults, vaulting clowns, frogs that hop, rabbits that leap and skip, and performing dogs and cats are some of the comical acts in the circus.

Play automobiles of all sizes and styles are exhibited by themselves on a speedway, and self-moving water craft are shown off in a giant tub, the toy boats that ride the waves ranging from the little one dollar canoe manned by a single oarsman, to the massive battleship able to tack and circle and make port along with the best of the squadron.

The mechanical toy idea has even invaded the house fittings. A fine gilt and glass cordial set has a toy automobile for a stand instead of the conventional cabinet holder. The well modeled little automobile has a music box under the seat and is designed to make the round of guests at a table and supply the ready filled glasses, dispensing music the while.

The fine metal and glass of this toy and the inner mechanism make it a rather costly dining room furnishing. But diminutive as it is, it may be the forerunner of those automatic conveniences that are to assist housekeepers and help do away with the servant problem.—New York Sun.

### TO HELP ENLISTED MEN.

Representative Bull of Rhode Island, a member of the house committee on naval affairs, has a plan, a press despatch reports, for increasing the personnel of the navy, which goes beyond the recommendations of Secretary Moody in enlisting men from the ranks to obtain commissions. He has drafted a bill which provides that chief boatswains, chief gunners, boatswains, gunners and warrant machinists, under the age of forty, shall be appointed acting ensigns, and after a probationary period of two years, if they pass a satisfactory examination, permanent appointments as ensigns in the line of promotion be given them. Such a provision would result

in the appointment of about sixty ensigns, all of them men who had spent from fifteen to twenty years in the navy.—Army and Navy Journal.

### THINGS DRAMATIC.

Walter Perkins announces that hereafter his play, a dramatization of Mary E. Wilkins' novel, Jerome, a Poor Man, will be called simply Jerome.

Way Down East is the only play ever produced in America which has remained for six consecutive seasons in the first class theatres.

Julius Cahn has arranged for the erection of a new theatre at Lewiston, Me., to be the largest and finest in the state of Maine. It is to be opened next September with a big opera company.

Neil Burgess with his County Fair is working his way eastward.

Olga Netherstie will revive Sapho when she visits this country again. The Bennett & Moulton company, (George K. Robinson, manager) played a successful week in Springfield, Mass., last week, and opens an engagement in Stamford, Conn. this week. Since leaving Portsmouth the personnel of the company has been considerably changed.

The Christmas number of the New York Dramatic Mirror is out and is as artistic and entertaining as ever. Its columns are filled with stories, poems and portraits of well known thespians and Mr. Fiske is to be congratulated for supplying the public with the best dramatic paper published.

### THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVALS.

On Christmas night Santa Claus will introduce a windmill in full operation at the Baptist chapel, and that presiding genius with the aid of the Brownies will make merry on this annual festival occasion for the Sunday school.

"The Crowning of Christmas" is the title of a spirited cantata to be given by the Sabbath school of the Universalist church with a chorus of about forty members, the presentation to take place in the vestry on Friday evening. It will be a most enjoyable occasion. The cantata will be followed by a tree. A committee will be in the vestry on Friday from 2 to 5 p. m.

The Methodist Sunday school will have a Christmas tree and pertinent exercises on Christmas night.

The Court street Christian Sabbath school will entertain St. Nicholas on Christmas night in the vestry and the old hero will reciprocate.

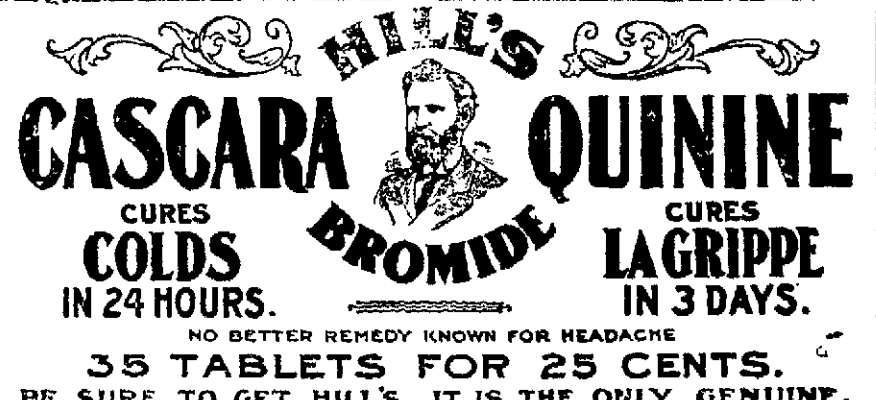
### For Over Sixty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures whooping cough and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea, twenty-five cents a bottle.

### PORTSMOUTH FORTUNATE.

The people of Portsmouth consider themselves very fortunate in getting coal, compared with other cities. It is known that the barge Maple Hill, which arrived a few weeks ago brought one of the first shipments, if not the very first, sent direct from the mines by water to any eastern port. There are several places where navigation will be delayed by ice and in those places all coal must come by rail for some time yet.

Outdoor work has practically ceased in this vicinity.



**HILL'S CASCARA QUININE**  
CURES COLDS IN 24 HOURS. CURES LAGRIFFE IN 3 DAYS.  
NO BETTER REMEDY KNOWN FOR HEADACHE.  
**35 TABLETS FOR 25 CENTS.**  
BE SURE TO GET HILL'S. IT IS THE ONLY GENUINE.

When ready for your next Suit or Overcoat let us show you the best made and best fitting garments possible to produce—The Famous Stein-Bloch Clothes.

OUR FALL STOCK OF EVERYTHING MEN AND BOYS IS ALL READY  
**HENRY PEYSER & SON.**

### DIRE DISTRESS.

It is Near at Hand to Hundreds of Portsmouth Readers.

Don't neglect an aching back. Backache is the kidney's cry for help.

Neglect hurrying to their aid. Means that urinary troubles follow quickly.

Dire disaster, diabetes, Bright's disease. Profit by a Portsmouth citizen's experience.

Mr. Arion A. Ballou, of 31 Maplewood avenue says:—"I had something wrong with my kidneys for eight months and the pain and annoyance kept increasing instead of diminishing. I got so bad that I could not attend to my ordinary occupation and had to knock off. In my back and over my kidneys there was a constant pain and any ordinary movement caused sharp twinges to shoot through my loins. During these attacks when my back was particularly bad I had urinary weakness that was very embarrassing and inconvenient. I thought Doan's Kidney Pills might help me and got a box at Philbrick's pharmacy on Congress street. I did not take more than one half of it before I was free from the whole kidney trouble."

Sole Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no substitute.



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Now, and we have the finest stock of handsome wall papers, that range in price from 15 cents to \$5 per roll, suitable for any room, and of exquisite colorings and artistic patterns. Only expert workmen are employed by us and our price for first-class work is as reasonable as our wall papers.

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**STANDARD BRAND.**  
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Landed.  
**THIS COMPANY'S CEMENT**  
has been on the market for the past fifty years. It has been used on the  
Principal Government and Oth  
Public Works,  
and has received the commendation of Engineers, Architects and Consumers generally. Persons wanting cement should not be misled. Obtain the best.  
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10c CIGAR

Londres & Perfecto shapes will be packed in handsome souvenir boxes for the holidays. Place your orders early.

For sale by all first class dealers in New England.

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**BARBERS.**  
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Meets in Longshoremen's hall, first Friday of each month.

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Pres., John T. Mallon;  
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Meets third Friday of each month at A. O. H. hall.

**CARPENTERS UNION.**  
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Rec. Sec., John Parsons.  
Meets in G. A. R. hall, second and fourth Thursdays of each month.

**LONGSHOREMEN.**  
Pres., Jere. Cough;  
Sec., Michael Leyden.  
Meets first and third Wednesdays of each month in Longshoremen's hall, Market street.

**BOTTLERS.**  
Pres., Dennis E. Drislane;  
Sec., Engene Sullivan.  
Meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month at Peirce hall, High street.

**BREWERY WORKERS.**  
Pres., Albert Adams;  
Rec. Sec., Richard P. Fullam;  
Fin. Sec., John Connell.  
Meets second and fourth Thursdays of the month, at 38 Market street.

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Pres., Charles E. Whitehouse;  
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Meets first and third Saturdays of each month in Red Men's hall.

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Meet in U. V. U. hall every second Thursday of the month.

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Office hours: 10 to 12 and 7 to 9



The Herald Representative Dis-  
proves A Persistent Rumor.

Special Christmas Services Held In  
Various Churches On Sunday.

Budget of Other Timely Topics From  
Our Special Correspondent.

Exeter, Dec. 21.

Through his Exeter correspondent, a well known paper on last Thursday morning came out with an article stating that W. L. Douglas the well known shoe manufacturer of Brockton Mass., had been to Exeter for the purpose of investigating its advantages for the erection of a shoe manufactory. The next day the Exeter letter of the Herald positively denied the above statement, as did another newspaper, and positively declared that there was no truth in it whatever.

On Thursday morning the Exeter correspondent of the Herald, began a thorough investigation of the matter. The hotel registers were carefully looked over and dining room employees interviewed but the result was exactly what it was thought it would be. No trace of Mr. Douglas could be found. Then the leading business men of Exeter were talked with as well as the manufacturers and in fact any one that could throw any light on the matter, but no one knew anything of Mr. Douglas' reported visit. Hundreds of other plans were employed in the search, but all was in vain. Finally after working three days probably everything would have been given up if the following message had not been received from Mr. Douglas himself:

"To Webster Tuttle, Exeter, N. H.: There is absolutely no truth in the report that I have been in Exeter lately, or that I am thinking of locating my plant there, or any part of it. (Signed), W. L. DOUGLAS."

This news will be received with no surprise by the people of Exeter, for, as a matter of fact, not one person could be found who believed the previous report.

The Herald felt safe in denying it from the first, because if Mr. Douglas had been in town the Herald representative would surely have heard of it, since his mission was so important. Then again the paper referred to above, said: "It is reported on the best of authority that while here he looked over the plants of the Exeter Boot and Shoe company and Gale Brothers."

When a representative of this paper called on Mr. Gale for the purpose of interviewing him on the subject, the general leaned back in his chair and laughed. The bookkeepers and others present seemed to enjoy it even more than the general himself. Mr. Gale's story appeared in Friday's Herald.

The above statement from Mr. Douglas may be regarded as the final word in the matter.

The birth of Christ was fittingly observed at all the churches today, the musical programs and special exercises being elaborate and the congregations large. A number of churches were beautifully decorated with evergreen, garlands and flowers.

At the Phillips church the pulpit was occupied in the morning by Rev. P. H. Cressey of North Conway. He preached an interesting sermon. The church choir composed of Clarence M. Collins, Karl F. Brill, Miss Adelaide E. Hutchins and Mrs. Edward E. Nowell rendered appropriate music. Vesper services were planned for this evening but it was necessary to postpone them.

The festival had appropriate observance at the First Congregational church. This morning the pastor, Rev. W. L. Anderson preached "The Revelation of God in Christ," and in the evening there was a responsive service entitled, "The I Am's of Christ." There was Christmas music at each service.

Rev. Ansley E. Woodsum delivered an appropriate sermon in the morning at the Baptist church, where, also, special music was sung. The Sunday school gave its Christmas concert in the evening.

At the Unitarian church Rev. Edward Green preached on "Immanuel, God with us." The congregation sang, "Hark what mean those holy voices?" "Calm on the listening ear of night," "It came upon the midnight clear," "Hark, the herald angels sing" and "O thou great friend of all the sons of men." At the Sunday school there were carols and read-

# Suitable Christmas Presents!

Gloves—Men's and Boys', in all grades, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50; a large line to select from. Men's Fine Gloves for dress and street: the celebrated Perins', for Men and Boys, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00; also Wool Gloves. In our Clothing Department, which we are closing out, you will find big bargains. Boys' Suits and Reefers, Youths' Overcoats, sizes 15 to 18. Workingmen will do well to try our Working Trousers while they last. Clothing Made to Order—We are now showing some Mark-Down Samples to choose from; fit guaranteed; a trial will make you our customer. Umbrellas in all grades in Gloria and Silk, neat Handles in natural woods and silver trimmed; always an acceptable gift. Trunks in all grades and well constructed, and at very close prices. Dress Suit Cases, all leather and of the best workmanship; prices, \$3.50, \$5.00, \$5.50 and \$7.50. Men's and Boys' Hats and Caps—Soft and Stiff Hats in all the new shapes and blocks; agent for the Hawes Hat. Men's Handkerchiefs, half dozen boxed Initials, also plain Hemstitched. Suspenders, Silk and Cotton Webs, Sterling Silver Buckles, in all prices, 25c, 50c, 62c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50, nicely boxed. Smoking Jackets in all sizes from 34 to 40, all new goods and perfect fitting garments; also Bath Wraps in new materials; all at the lowest cost. As usual you will find a large line of Neckwear for Men, in Four-in-Hands, Puffs, Tecks and Ascots. Men's and Boys' Sweaters, a good stock to select from; prices, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$5.00.

**JOHN GRIFFIN, - - - THE HATTER AND MEN'S FURNISHER,**  
OPEN EVENINGS. NO. 13 CONGRESS STREET, PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

## RANDOM GOSSIP.

People are still besieging the coal offices and trying to find out when they can be supplied. The dealers are trying to keep good natured and to look pleasant. They have to listen to all sorts of things connected with family affairs—tales of woe, patiently, and endeavor to give to each one encouragement.

Former Governor Frank W. Rollins is sporting a cane that has an interesting history. It was made by a convict in the Salem, Ore., penitentiary,—by a man who is doing time under an assumed name, it is said, and who, in a letter to the former governor, said that he came originally from New Hampshire. The cane is made of Oregon maple, and ornamented with pictures. On the top of the cane is a fleet of battleships, and under it is an eagle and the inscription, "Afield and Ashore." Then follow portraits of Admiral Dewey, General Otis, Admiral Sigsbee, General Lee, Admiral Evans and Captain Glass.

Just because you happen to see a reporter sitting in a man's office leaning back in a chair reading a paper, don't think for a moment that he has a perpetual snap with nothing to do but smoke good cigars and wander about the city looking into the shop windows. He may at the very moment of his apparent indolence be chafing to get away and run down a sensation, but he has learned by experience that news can't be had for the asking. You must talk with people, be sociable, await their own leisure, not yours, and eventually the information will be forthcoming.—Portland Express.

"Let's see—who was the first drunkard? Noah, wasn't he?"  
"Um—I think so. Noah killed himself drinking!"  
"Are you sure of that?"  
"Perfectly. At the time of the flood Noah was a strong, vigorous man, in the prime of life—only 600 years old. When he came out of the Ark he took to drink, shattered his constitution and in less than 350 years was a corpse. Young man, keep out of the saloons."

A large flock of English sparrows was seen the other day in front of a Congress street store. They were flitting about, hopping from one piece of frozen snow to another, when all at once one of their number flew away, going in the direction of the North church. In a few seconds it returned, followed by a companion of the same species. These two alighted on the snow and no sooner struck when a combat was on, and participating. When three of the birds had fallen, the watchers of the contestants tried to drive them away, but it was no use. The birds would go into the air out of reach, and continue the combat. Finally the entire flock lay upon the snow, except the two companions that had commenced the fight. They seemed to look over the situation, then they, too, engaged in an encounter. At last one dropped. At that moment the only survivor shot into the air, then back again, and as straight as an arrow, and, with all the force its little wings could carry it, struck against a stone post, committing suicide.

Arthur Howard Pickering, whose summer home is usually at York Harbor, will begin on Tuesday, January 6, his annual course of Browning readings at Miss Adele Thayer's house, 181 Commonwealth avenue, Boston, at 11:30 in the morning. The readings will continue on Tuesdays until February 10. Mr. Pickering will read "In a Balcony," "Colomb's Birthday," "Luria," "The Return of the Druses," "A Blot on the Scutcheon," and "Strafford." Miss Thayer has found it a very easy and pleasant task to dispose of the tickets, for almost every one has been subscribed for already. The first reading of this course will make Mr. Pickering's 227th Browning one. This is a fine record for one author whose

works have rarely had a more brilliant and scholarly interpreter than Mr. Pickering. Mr. Pickering, who has been giving a number of recitals in the suburbs this autumn, is going to read at a small and fashionable children's party Christmas eve.

Proportionately the biggest Christmas present from any concern to its employees, news of which has as yet reached Portsmouth, is to be made by a Chicago concern, the Crane company. A dispatch from Chicago announces that it is to distribute \$135,000 among its 4000 employees, giving each man five per cent of his annual wages. This means an average of \$33.75 per man and annual average wages for each of \$675. The company's annual payroll on this basis would foot up to \$2,700,000.

If you are superstitious about the number 13, you ought not to carry in your pocket, or use in any way, a silver quarter dollar. Do you happen to have one about you now? If so, take it out and see how it seems with 13's.

For instance, it has 13 stars, 13 letters in the scroll in the eagle's beak, 13 feathers in the eagle's tail, 13 feathers in the eagle's wing, 13 parallel bars on the shield, 13 horizontal stripes, 13 leaves on the olive branch, 13 arrow heads and 13 letters in the words "quarter dollar."

## OBITUARY.

Joseph A. Leavitt.

The death of Joseph A. Leavitt, a well known and respected citizen occurred at his home on the Gosling road on Sunday, aged sixty-eight years. The funeral will be held at half-past one on Tuesday afternoon at the Christian church in Stratham. Relatives and friends are invited to attend.

George Humphreys.

George Humphreys, one of Portsmouth's old residents, dropped dead last Saturday afternoon, while walking down Pleasant street on his way home. Mr. Humphreys was a prominent carpenter and builder, having learned his trade of the late Levi Moses. He was employed for several years in the shipyard of the late George Raynes.

Heart disease was the cause of his death. He was a native of this city and seventy-two years of age. He leaves three sons.

Mrs. Mary Sleeper.

Mrs. Mary Sleeper, died at her home in Somersworth, N. H., last Friday evening at the age of ninety-four years. She was born in York, Me., but had been a resident of Somersworth for sixty years. Two daughters survive her.

## CITY BRIEFS.

Santa Claus is loading up. Idolita goes to the auctions.

The members of Division 2, A. O. H., intend to eclipse all their previous dances with their seventh annual next month.

Accidents come with distressing frequency on the farm. Cuts, bruises, stings, sprains. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil relieves the pain instantly. Never be without it.

The new bonbon box of the season is shaped like a football. The top of the cover has a football scene, a player kicking the ball, with a pennant of silk flying out from the top of the box. These pennants are in different colors for the different colleges.

## ELKS' REGULAR MEETING.

A regular meeting of Portsmouth lodge, of Elks, will be held in Elks' hall, Daniel street, on Tuesday evening. Two applications for membership will be balloted upon and four candidates will receive the degree of initiation.

It's the little colds that grow into big colds, and big colds that end in consumption and death. Watch the little colds. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

## AT THE NAVY YARD.

Civil Engineer L. E. Gregory, U. S. N., has gone to Boston on board duty.

The locomotive is now housed in its new quarters near the wooden dry dock.

The Naval orchestra played at the service in the Unitarian church on Sunday.

Several carloads of soft coal are being unloaded for the stone dock contractors.

A trial of the large engines on the U. S. S. Raleigh is expected to take place today.

John F. Leary of the boiler shop is passing a furlough of eleven days in Brooklyn.

Frank Randall and Samuel Shields, steam engineering riggers, are on a short furlough.

The contractors doing the work on Henderson's Point have been much delayed by the weather this month.

Walter Jackson and Benjamin Burke of the steam engineering machine shop are enjoying a short furlough.

The work of constructing the new steel cutters has been commenced by the department of construction and repair.

John F. Dolon, clerk in the construction and repair department is passing a short furlough at his home in Jamaica Plains, Mass.

The shipfitters' force has finished the work of putting new coal bunkers on the training ship Essex and the work speaks for itself.

T. F. Welch, draughtsman, who finished his labors at the yard last week, has been a valuable man to the department in which he labored. He

The work of putting in the berth deck of the Reina Mercedes will be commenced immediately. The order calls for the completion of this vessel in February, 1904.

took time to hunt up every man in the department of steam engineering that he could and bade them a warm farewell. The whole force wishes him the best of success.

Captain G. F. Wilde, U. S. is making an excellent record as captain of the yard and is giving his department a business administration such as it has not had for years.

Several more apprentices will be added to the number sent here last Thursday for the U. S. S. Essex. They will be taken aboard the ship when she arrives at Boston.

The U. S. S. Nevada, which has just been completed at Bath, Me., and has had her official trial trip, will be delivered to the navy yard here about January 1st. She will be placed in commission here after some minor changes are made.

Machinist Windrich, who has been repairing the pumps of the hand tub True W. Priest in this city, has finished the work on the machine and it is safe to say that if she doesn't win the coming season's contests, it will be no fault of her pumps.

## Sorosis.

Numerous stories are told of the origin of the women's society called Sorosis. One of the best is that on the occasion of a certain banquet here in honor of a foreign dignitary women were rigorously excluded. They banded together to form a club of their own. Each called herself a "sorry sis," and by extension the name of the organization became Sorosis. It is believed that the word comes from the Latin "soror," a sister. There is a fruit genus called sorosis, but it is not much like a woman. "Sorow-sis" would be a bad guess. One smart chap believes the word is a contraction of "sorceress," and I am with him.—New York Press.

## Fame.

"So Ambitious has achieved fame, has he?" asked the philosopher.  
"He has," replied the cheerful chap.  
"Brilliant things said by other men are now credited to him."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

## Fresh Daily.

"And do you understand," asked the Sunday school teacher, "why you pray for your 'daily bread?'"  
"Oh, yes," replied little Elsie. "That's so we'll be sure to have it fresh."—Philadelphia Press

**W. E. Paul**  
RANGES

—AND—

**PARLOR STOVES**  
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## BACK OF THE BURNT CORK

By Epes W. Sargent

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"Sorry to disturb you, old chap, but I am to share this pen with you for the next two weeks." And Frank Hetherington regarded with unforgotten disgust the cubbyhole styled by courtesy as a dressing room.

It was Hetherington's first season in vaudeville, and after a long run as leading man with one of the New York stock companies the facilities provided performers at the Apollo theater in San Francisco did not appeal to his somewhat fastidious tastes.

The person to whom he addressed his conversation was a fellow performer, evidently a minstrel monologist, since the white of his bare arm showed in glaring contrast to the reddish pigment which stopped half way down the neck, concealing his features as effectively as if he wore a mask. Hetherington had a winning manner with men and women alike, yet after a slight start at first sound of the voice the original occupation save a curt "All right" as he moved his makeup materials to give the other more space on the plain board shelf which ran along one side of the wall.

Hetherington lit a cigarette in direct defiance of the placard tacked above the electric light and was seated before the mirror, making up, before he attempted to renew the conversation. Silence irritated him, and it was more to break the monotony than to gain the friendship of his companion that he commenced to talk.

"As long as we're to share this box stall for the next two weeks we might as well know each other's name. Mine is Hetherington. I'm new to this end of the business, but have some small reputation in the east as an actor. I'm doing a sketch with Miss Phyllis Lancaster. Now that I've introduced myself may I ask?"

The monologist disregarded this invitation for a moment while he struggled with a pair of tight fitting green trousers. Finally, having adjusted the suspenders, he turned coldly with:

"I don't think there is much in a name. Mine is Brown—Phil Brown—if you want it for the programme. I fill in the stage in one while they're strapping your set and getting ready for the acrobatic act to close with."

Hetherington carefully outlined his eyebrows with black crayon before he replied with a light laugh: "Brown seems rather funny for stage use when you can pick out a name to suit yourself. But it matches your makeup and is as good as any other to travel by. It seems to me that if you are going to follow me either I am beastly late or you are horribly early, and, by the way, I thought Glenroy followed our act."

"Glenroy was switched to Los Angeles, and they brought me down from the Chutes. Yes, I've been playing the Chutes and the free house, the Olympic, the past three weeks, yet I think the manager remembers the time when my name was worth as much on an eastern programme as yours is now—but it wasn't Brown then."

By this time Hetherington was fully dressed, and with a careless remark that he trusted they'd get along well during the week he carefully stamped out the glowing end of his second cigarette and climbed the rickety stairs which led to the stage.

There was trouble with the setting for his turn, and in the excitement of straightening the matter out there was little time for conversation with his partner before the act opened. After taking their curtain call he went directly to his dressing room. He had promised to meet a party of friends at the Bohemian club, and Miss Lancaster, known in private life as Mrs. Hetherington, was going to the hotel alone. A brief kiss and a laughing promise to be home by morning had marked their parting in the wings. He had quite forgotten his curious roommate.

It was lonely enough in the dressing room now, for most of the performers who were quartered in that vicinity of the house were early on the bill, and no friendly lights shone from their rooms as he passed.

He had almost completed his toilet for the street when Brown came down from the stage, perspiration streaming from his face as the result of his exertions. Hetherington merely glanced round and promptly returned to the intricacies of a new tie. Suddenly his ear caught a sharp click, and he looked up in astonishment to see Brown locking the door and slipping the key in his pocket. Something in the tense pose of the monologist and the flash of his eye made Hetherington feel strangely nervous.

"I say, old chap, what's the matter?" he asked in carefully modulated tones.

Brown regarded him silently for a moment, then replied slowly:

"I thought that possibly you might like to watch me take off my makeup." "Nonsense," returned the other sharply. "Washing up is no novelty to a performer of fourteen years' experience, and besides I'm in a hurry to meet some friends at the Bohemian club."

"Yes, so I heard you tell your wife."

Hetherington stood ready now, hat and gloves in hand. He was becoming impatient.

"Come, unlock that door."

Without replying Brown stripped off the gaudy shirt and placed it on the book above the already discarded coat

and vest. Below the short sleeves of his undershirt rose superb biceps, and there was something almost contemptuous in the glance he turned on the lighter and more elegant build of his companion.

"You will find, Hetherington," he said as he sat down in front of his glass and reached for the cold cream, "that even to the actor of fourteen years' experience there are times when the removal of a man's makeup is like tearing the veil from the long dead past."

Hetherington scowled and laid a determined hand on the doorknob. The other man, still calmly rubbing cold cream on his face, spoke in cool, even tones:

"We are the only actors on this side of the house, the orchestra is making such a racket that nobody could hear you if you yelled, and I shall be under the painful necessity of smashing your head with a chair if you attempt to break that lock. Sit down, man! Sit down! I've been waiting five years for just this chance. I don't mean to lose it now."

Hetherington was trembling, though he made a strong bluff at self possession. Was this new roommate a drug fiend, or was it a case of temporary mental derangement? Perhaps Brown read the thought, for he smiled grimly and suddenly reached for the large Turkish towel. Under its vigorous treatment cold cream and pigment came off together. At the same instant he sprang to his feet. The two men stood face to face, but only for a few seconds. Then Hetherington, white to the lips, cowered against the wall and breathed heavily.

"Phil Henderson?" "Right you are! I thought you'd remember—when the cork came off. No, don't touch that door." This as Hetherington made a feeble attempt to rattle the doorknob. "We're going to talk this over. Let's see; it was five years ago, wasn't it, that you stole my wife? Yes, stole, that's the word! She was happy enough with me till you came. I don't believe she's been as happy with you. I don't believe she ever loved you." The cords in his neck were swollen, and the words came thick and hard. "It was her professional pride you appealed to. The prospect of a New York opening turned her head and made her forget how—how I loved her. You've had five long years of happiness that belonged to me, and—now you're going to pay for them."

A look of piteous appeal came into Hetherington's eyes, but no word passed his lips. Brown looked down upon the crouching, cringing form.

"I shall have to tell the doorkeeper you went out through the front of the house. As for your wife—your wife and mine—she will not look for you till morning, and by that time I'll be safe on the Pacific Mail steamer on my way to Australia. The world will never know, unless she tells, what caused your—"

Hetherington, crouching closer and closer to the wall, moaned just once; then the man he had wronged was upon him. There was a sudden grip on his throat, tighter and tighter. The sound of a woman's voice seemed to float to his ear. A dainty feminine form passed as in a dream before his fast closing eyes, and then—blackness.

A few minutes later Brown, with the calmness of madness, picked up coat and hat. There under the narrow shelf on which were scattered makeup materials was stretched that grin and awful thing, but Brown did not see it. He turned on the light, locked the door from the outside and, placing the key in his pocket, climbed the rickety stairway and passed out into the night.

San Francisco and the whole Pacific coast were searched for the murderer of the handsome and popular leading man, and then the mystery of the Henderson-Brown murder gave way to a more exciting scandal, a huge railroad steal. A few weeks later, however, it was revived by word from Australia that a passenger on board the Pacific Mail steamship Light of Asia had gone violently insane when two days out from San Francisco and had jumped overboard. The name under which he had taken passage was Philip Henderson, but investigation of his effects proved that he was known along the Pacific coast as Philip Brown, a monologist. And while the world wondered and talked afresh of this mystery one woman knew.

### Why the English Fight.

In his book "Pictures of Many Wars" Frederick Villiers tells of one occasion when he and a French traveler were guests of the Russian general, Skobeleff. The host, speaking of the Turks, said, "I wonder why these men fight like lions?" "It's possibly their fanaticism, just as your men fight for holy Russia and the great white czar," said Villiers. "I suppose so," said the general, "and why do your countrymen fight, monsieur?" The Frenchman replied enthusiastically, "For glory." "Bravo! And the Englishmen, Mr. Villiers?" "Oh, my countrymen have the greatest incentive of all." "A greater incentive than glory?" "Impossible," said the Frenchman. "Oh, yes," said Villiers easily; "British interests, you know."

### His Original Idea.

"Till, there, but you can't get on this car with that bundle!" called a Fulton avenue car conductor to a man with a bundle almost as large as a bale of hay. "But it's raining," protested the man. "I know that."

"And it's been raining for two days."

"Yes, and it'll probably rain all day tomorrow as well. But that's got nothing to do with that bundle."

"But it has, you see. I've got 300 dry sponges here, and I'll sell you the lot at half price if you'll take them."

The conductor was struck by the original idea and helped the bundle aboard. —Brooklyn Citizen.

## VICARIOUS RESTITUTION.

The Preacher Got the Hens and the Deceit Was Revoked.

Not long since a respectable colored preacher, who was noted for his ability to "cuss out" people from the pulpit, was hurrying thunderbolts of his vective against his congregation because of a great wave of sin and stealing that was sweeping over the city. Among other things, he said:

"No longer'n las' night some one come an' stole de las' two chickens dat me an' mah ole 'oman had. I b'lieve de thief is in dis house right now, an' I hereby countersigns him to evablastin' punishment. De bigger dat stole dem chickens is a gwinter burn fur it sho. Yo' hyeah me? De 'tree has gone forth!"

Next morning a colored man with two fine hens came up to the preacher's door. He said:

"Parson, hyeh'n's yo' chickens."

"No, sah," said the preacher, eying the chickens closely, "dese ain't mah chickens."

"I knows dey ain't peractly yo' own," explained the parishioner, "but dese is tek de place of yo' own. Yo' chickens wuz et up 'fo' de 'tree went forth, an' las' night after I went to bed my conscience hurt me so tell I had to git up an' go ovah to Marse Bob's house an' git two mo' chickens. Parson, do tek dese chickens, an' fur de Lawd's sake tek dat 'tree back too."—Lippincott's.

### English Deer Hunting.

The running of the deer begins in November, and it is said they often take as keen an interest in the hunt as their pursuers. The hounds are never allowed to kill them, and the same ones are often run for several successive years. Twenty-five of the heifers and does are selected for the season's sport, and two are usually run in a week. The one chosen for the day is drawn in a queer looking two wheeled covered cart to the appointed place. The back of the cart is lowered until it is level with the ground. When the door is opened, the deer steps out, sniffs the air, with his head up, and takes a sweeping glance around before he is away like a shot. He is given five minutes "law," while the well trained hounds and horses stand treacherously impatient to be off in pursuit.

The old English stagbonds have become extinct, and foxhounds, bred for the purpose of the chase, have succeeded them. So fleet are they that the horses become jaded in their efforts to keep up with them.—Century.

### London Church Curiosities.

In St. Dionis, in Fenchurch street, there are four monster syringes, which were at one time the only form of fire brigade appliances in London. The celebrated golden tombstone in St. Katherine's, Regent's park, is very well known. It is a tombstone, or rather, a small slab of pure gold, surrounded by an oak frame. Many people are unaware that the body of Nell Gwynn reposes in a vault in St. Martin-in-the-fields, and a still larger number of persons are ignorant of the fact that beneath the same church there is still in existence the old parish whipping post. Beneath St. Etheldreda's church, in Ely place, is the only subterranean place of worship in London. It is a completely furnished chapel with sitting accommodations for 200 people. St. Etheldreda's is the oldest Roman Catholic church in England.

### Needed a Rest.

"Rest is not quitting the busy career," says the poet. The truth of the saying was impressed on an Arkansas family by Lulu, their colored cook. She was fat, lazy and "notional," says Harper's Magazine, but her cooking was perfect, and Mr. and Mrs. Lawton ignored her whims and reduced her work to a minimum.

Good cooks were so hard to get that the question of adding a feather's weight to Lulu's duties was discussed in a subdued whisper. One day Lulu resigned her position.

"Why, Lulu," asked Mrs. Lawton, "what is the matter? Is the work too hard for you?"

"Well, ma'am," replied Lulu, "I'm all tired out. I'm going home and take in washing and rest up."

### An Ancient Greek Relic.

As a memorial of their victory in their final and desperate struggle at Salamis to hurl back the invading east, the ancient Greeks made a tripod from the golden cups of the Persians' table and the bronze of their soldiers' armor. It bore on its sides the names of every city whose soldiers fought and fell in the supreme moment of a nation's life. That tripod still exists at Constantinople, a national relic which has endured longer than the states whose deeds it consecrated.

### Quite Possible.

Mr. Farwest—I met my old schoolmate, Lakeside, today for the first time in an age, and I thought from the way he acted when I mentioned you that you and he must have had some romance or other before we met.

Mrs. Farwest—No romance about it. We were married for a few years; that's all. —New York Weekly.

### Short Method.

Caller—Mr. Sharpe, I have come to ask your advice as to the quickest way to be relieved from my debts?

Lawyer (thinking for a moment of something else)—Pay them. —Chicago Tribune.

### She Had Him.

He—Carrie, I believe you think I'm a fool.

She—And yet you say I'm always in the wrong. —Boston Transcript.

Among the cupbes of Windsor castle has a chair made out of the trunk of the famous elm by which Wellington stood at the battle of Waterloo.

## THACKERAY WAS BORED.

An Amazing Incident of the Author's Second Visit to Boston.

During Thackeray's second visit to Boston Mr. James T. Fields, his host, was asked to invite Thackeray to attend an evening meeting of a scientific club, which was to be held at the house of a distinguished member.

I was, writes Mr. Fields, very reluctant to ask him to be present, for I knew he was easily bored, and I was fearful that a prosy essay or geological paper might be presented and felt certain that should such be the case he would be exasperated with me, the innocent cause of his affliction.

My worst fears were realized. I dared not look at Thackeray. I felt that his eye was upon me. My distress may be imagined when I saw him rise, quite deliberately, and make his exit very noiselessly into a small anteroom adjoining. The apartment was dimly lighted, but he knew that I knew he was there.

Then began a series of pantomimic fears impossible to describe. He threw an imaginary person—myself, of course—upon the floor and proceeded to stab him several times with a paper folder, which he caught up for the purpose.

After disposing of his victim in this way he was not satisfied, for the dull lecture still went on in the other room, so he fired an imaginary revolver several times at an imaginary head.

The whole thing was immitably done. I hoped nobody saw it but myself. Years afterward a ponderous, fat witted young man put the question squarely to me:

"What was the matter with Mr. Thackeray that night the club met at Mr. —'s house?"

### Why He Didn't Worry.

"The first serious accident case I ever had," said an old surgeon, "was that of a young man who had lost an arm—his right arm it was, too—by the premature explosion of a blast."

"Somehow he didn't give himself the downheartedness that you might reasonably expect of a man who had suffered his loss; but, on the contrary, he was really cheerful over it, and this I didn't understand. And I said to him one day that I thought he was a pretty plucky sort of man to look at things as he did, considering that it was his right arm too."

"Why, that," he said, "is the one redeeming feature of the whole business. Suppose I'd have lost my left?"

"What?" said I.

"Why," says the man, "I'm left handed! Where would I have been now if I had lost my left arm? I'd have been up the stump then, sure enough."

### The Order Pleased the Cook.

The following story is told on a missionary of the China inland mission, a bachelor keeping house for himself in the southern part of China: One morning in ordering his dinner he wished to tell his cook to buy a chicken. Instead of saying "ye" for chicken he aspirated the word, saying, "Buy me a 'che.' " His cook thought that was an eminently proper command and went about his marketing in high good humor. At noon the missionary found no chicken cooked—in fact, no dinner at all, for his cook had not returned.

About dark the man came back, saying: "This was not a good day for buying wives, and I have been all day looking for one, but at last I found one for you. She is rather old and not pretty, but you can have her cheap. I have promised \$10 for her."

### Quenching Thirst at Sea.

Many years ago Dr. Hing suggested to Captain Kennedy that thirst might be quenched by dipping the clothing in salt water and putting it on without wringing it out. The captain, on being cast away, succeeded in persuading some of the men to follow his example, and they all survived, while the four who refused and drank salt water became delirious and died. Captain Kennedy goes on to say, "After these operations we uniformly found that the violent thirst went off and the parched tongue was cured in a few minutes when we had bathed and washed our clothes, while we found ourselves as much refreshed as if we had received some actual nourishment."—London Standard.

### The Name of Stebbins.

The Stebbins family is fairly numerous. It is not now a classic name. Its owners wear it ignorantly. More the shame for them. It is by right a classic name, borne as it was by the first of Christian martyrs—St. Steven, sometimes spelled Stephen. Steven is the Spanish name of spelling it. Spell it in Spanish—Esteban. Drop the initial "e," and then you have Steban. Among the ignorant the step to Stebbins is very short. And the honorable name of St. Steven takes on degradation even as the fine old Norman-French name D'Aubaine becomes the homely Dobbins.

### In His Father's Footsteps.

Hinks—Did Smith's father leave him anything?

Jinks—Only his debts.

Hinks—How is Smith getting along?

Jinks—Well, he has greatly increased his inheritance. —Baltimore American.

### Ability.

Tomson—Johnson has no ability of any kind.

Jackson—Nonsense. Why, he can ask you for a loan in such a way that you thank your lucky stars for the opportunity to accommodate him.

### Pleased at It.

"The fools are not all dead yet," said the angry husband.

"I'm glad of it, dear," calmly replied the other half of the combination. "I never did look well in black."—Chicago News.

## DECEMBER AND MAY

It was late in December that Dr. Prudence Wickham moved into one of the fashionable side streets hard by Gramercy park and hung out a big brass physician's sign. The neighbors wondered as to whom this newcomer might be and watched the door till they discovered that she was a woman.

Then the days went by and the solicitors neighbors watched and waited. But nobody called Dr. Wickham out. Christmas came and went and the brass sign continued to glow under the daily labors of the stout servant. But the doctor did not venture from her solitude.

And New Year's eve was come again, and the people of the neighborhood were wild with excitement, for the ringing of the chimes in the church tower was an event that annually rejuvenated everybody. Thither on this bitter night, as the hands of the old clock ascended to the hour of 12, thousands wended their way. There were acres of fur cloaks and blue noses, and the frozen snow crunched with a metallic ring beneath a myriad of gum shoes. At last the great bells in the tower pealed out and told that another year had been born. And simultaneously the blare of trumpets, arising from the crowd, almost shut out their music.

Suddenly a cry went up—a cry that some one had swooned. The horns ceased, the bells rang on, and everybody gathered around the prostrate form of young Willie Van Bussom, who lay upon the snow white and listless.

"Is there a medical man in the crowd?" some one asked.

"Yes. Will you kindly allow me to get hold of his pulse?" answered a strong faced woman as she edged her way through the ranks. It was Dr. Prudence Wickham.

"Ah, the cold has told on him, and his body is fast becoming rigid," she said. "He must be taken to my office instantly or he will not survive ten minutes."

Strong arms gladly obeyed, and Willie Van Bussom was borne away and deposited on a lounge in the physician's office. Then the crowd withdrew, the doors closed, and between her clinched teeth Dr. Prudence Wickham, alone with her victim, muttered:

"At last! At last!"

For a time she surveyed the motionless form before her in glad triumph. Then, walking to her surgical case, she took out an assortment of knives and saws. Depositing them upon a small table near her patient's head, she took a strong cord from a wall closet and bound him hand and foot to the sofa. This accomplished, she held a vial of ammonia water to his nose and shook him violently.

"What's trumps?" he asked as he yawned and opened his eyes in a bewildered way.

"Be quiet, my poor fellow," answered Dr. Wickham in assuring though professional tones. Then she drew the table with the instruments into plainer view and locked the door of the room.

"But where am I?" he pleaded.

"Oh, never mind. You must go to sleep now, so that I may begin the operation." And thereupon Dr. Wickham proceeded to saturate a sponge with chloroform.

"What are you going to do with me?" he again demanded, now thoroughly awake and excited.

"Why, don't you know that I am about to amputate both your legs? I'm awfully sorry, but—"

"Amputate my legs?"

"Yes. So prepare for the ordeal." And she set the chloroform down and took up the biggest saw on the table.

Willie Van Bussom wriggled and thrashed and plunged, but to no avail. The cord held him prisoner. When he had finally exhausted all his strength, Dr. Wickham leaned over him and with a pair of scissors proceeded to divert him of the lower portions of his trousers.

"Won't you have some pity? Can't we fix it up by arbitration? I don't wish to lose my legs." And his sobs were loud and pathetic.

To Dr. Wickham's mature mind it was plain that the time for action had arrived. So, arresting her scissors, she looked into his face and said:

"What would you do to save them?"

"What would I not do?" he answered. "I shall inherit great wealth. It shall be yours."

They looked at one another for a time. Then Dr. Wickham broke the silence.

"If that is all, then off they come." And she reached for the saw once more.

"Hold! Hold! I will, moreover, agree"—the words clogged in his throat—"I will agree to marry you."

"There, that is sufficient," answered Dr. Wickham. And then, cutting the thong that held his right hand, she laid him while his proposal down on paper.

With a trembling hand he did so, and it ran as follows:

My Dearest Dr. Wickham—You have saved my life, and in my gratitude for your services I offer you my hand in wedlock. Your slave,

WILLIAM VAN BUSSOM.

The first snail that arose on the new-born year found them standing before a minister. The occasion, strange enough, was also their birthday. She was forty-seven, and he was twenty.

### How He Figured It.

"How much do you ask for that animal?" said the traveler to the ducky with the possum.

"Two dollars, sah."

"You must be crazy! Two dollars for one poor possum?"

"Well, sah," was the reply, "it may be he ain't worth it, 'cordin' ter de way finances goes, but you mus' consider de time he de bargain. I wuz two days ket'ch de 'im, en I figures it dat he's worth a dollar a day!" —Atlanta Constitution.

## NEW YEAR'S SWEETS.

A Few Plain and Good Candies That Everybody Likes.

Molasses Taffy.—For this put into a pan a pint of molasses, half a pound of brown sugar, half a teaspoonful of vinegar and an ounce of butter; stir all this over the fire till it comes to the "crack"—that is, till on a piece being dropped into cold water it sets at once and falls to the bottom of the dish with a thistle like glass; then pour it on the oiled slab. When cool enough to handle, turn in the edges and make it all into a ball; now fix it on a strong hook and pull it all into even strips; then cut into pieces with the scissors.

Ice Cream Taffy.—Boil together, without stirring, from twenty minutes to half an hour two pounds of granulated sugar, one-third of a pint of water, one sixth of a pint of vinegar, a piece of butter the size of an egg and a tablespoonful of glycerin; when on dropping a little of this into cold water it hardens at once, add to it a small teaspoonful of cream of tartar, pour it all on to well buttered plates to cool and pour two teaspoonfuls of essence of vanilla over the top; let it cool; then pull it till it becomes beautifully white and cut it with the scissors into sticks; if kept a week, it turns quite creamy.

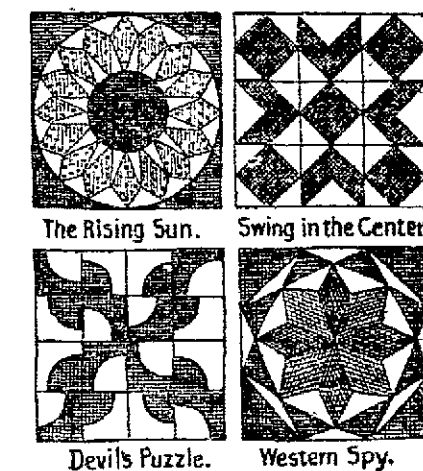
Peanut Caramel.—Peanut caramel is made by putting into a saucepan over the fire a cupful each of molasses and sugar and half a cupful of butter; watch closely while it is cooking and stir when there is danger of its burning or boiling over; test the sirup by dropping a little in ice water, and when it is crisp quickly stir in a cupful of chopped nuts and turn out on buttered tins to cool; mark the candy off into squares when it is partly cool.

## QUILT PIECING.

A Good Old Fashion Again in Vogue. Time Honored Patterns.

The bright quilt is again in vogue for bed dressing, and she who possesses heretofore little valued heirlooms of this nature will now be the envy of her less fortunate sisters, says a writer in the Designer in presenting a most fascinating array of old time patterns, among which are those here given.

The piecing of quilt blocks will be found most interesting work even in these days of intricate and handsome fancy work. Instead of calico, or percale, as it is more generally known at



FINE OLD PATTERNS.

present, silk, satin or velvet scraps and bits of ribbon may be used and can be purchased in assorted colors from manufacturing houses.

Each block must be absolutely regular; otherwise the completed quilt will lack the quaint, stiff effectiveness which characterizes all well made patchwork.

The "rising sun" is one of the oldest and prettiest of patterns. It is made in three colors—red, yellow and white—and should be all of pieced work. Use red for the center, then a row of white rays, then yellow, white half diamonds and red corners to complete the square.

"Swing in the center" is made of two colors—light and dark. Odd pieces may be used. Set with strips in sashwork, with solid blocks of white or light, or make all of pieced work.

The "devil's puzzle" is a beautiful quilt when made in two colors only—red and white. It should be all of pieced work.

The "western spy" may be pieced of two colors—light and dark—or the star may be of dark and the other portions, besides the white, of a medium color. It may be all of pieced work or set with plain squares or strips, as preferred.

When used for its intended purpose, the patchwork quilt of the present day is not spread over the bed in counterpane fashion, but is folded and laid at the foot of the bed in a slumber rug, the folding being made so that the pattern is well displayed.

### White Fruit Cake.

Beat to a cream one cupful of butter, add gradually two cupfuls of powdered sugar and cream again; add alternately two cupfuls of milk and one quart of sifted flour, beating hard and long. Add gradually the stiffly whipped whites of one dozen eggs, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one pound of seeded raisins, one pound of figs cut into strips, one-half of a pound of sliced citron, one pound of blanched almonds cut into strips and two cupfuls of grated coconut. Line deep pans with several layers of paper, pour in the batter and bake in a very moderate oven about two hours and a half, the time depending upon the thickness of the loaves. This will give two large cakes.

### The Prize Toy.

A jolly ending to a Christmas party is the securing of a prize toy. A fine toy is fastened upon the wall and fired at with a paper dart, a tiny bow and arrow or a patty gun. A score is kept and should no one actually hit the toy it is given to the one whose shot is nearest it. Of course the first hit secures the toy to the marksman firing the shot. Second and third prizes may be put up if the hostess thinks well of the suggestion.

### Society's Frills.

A number of novel notions taken up by society women are enumerated in the New Idea Magazine. One which comes from Vienna concerns the holding up of the fashionable long skirt. A heavy linked chain (gold,







CITY BRIEFS.

The legislature next.  
Now comes the rush.  
The streets are a sight.  
But one more Saturday in 1902.  
The days are at their shortest.  
More like April than December.  
1902 has almost completed its run.  
Three more shopping days before Christmas.  
The sleighing is ruined now, without a doubt.  
Nature's aspect Sunday was most unattractive.  
It is time to begin to practice writing "1903."  
The Christmas guests are beginning to arrive.  
The college boys and girls are nearly all at home.  
This is the active season for the local secret societies.  
Have your shoes repacked by John Mott, 34 Congress street.  
A good many men see, in the Christmas tree, their finish.  
The last Sunday before Christmas was a decidedly stormy one.  
Football, halfbacks meet their match in the stores these days.  
Lots of interest is being taken in the Warner club pool tournament.  
Fashion says that the white waist will be worn by the women all winter.  
Some people predict a break in the prices of foodstuffs after the holidays.  
There will probably be three basketball games in Portsmouth this week.  
Those churches which held services Sunday evening had very small assemblages.  
Those people who were obliged to go out Sunday night patronized the street cars.  
The Company B basketball team will play at Rochester tomorrow (Tuesday) night.  
That Manchester basketball team is a good one, but it doesn't appear to be a world beater.  
Every man who ventured out Sunday evening hunted up the oldest article in the shape of head gear in his possession.  
Did you get in the crowd at French's on Saturday evening? Wasn't it fun, all on account of the rush for holiday goods.  
The Court street Christian church was obliged on Sunday to hold its services in the vestry because of a lack of fuel for heating the church proper.  
A Silk covered Down filled Puff, a pair of Blankets, a fine framed picture, a set of China Ware, Cut Glass Table ware, or a fine Lamp, any one of these can be had at French's.  
George F. Daley of this city has just received a slight draft in full for his claims against the Equitable Accident Co., of Boston, through their Portsmouth agent, A. W. Fuller, 17 Ladd street.  
In a pool match between Bert Weeden of this city and Thomas Linekey of Portsmouth, at Galloway's pool rooms last evening, the Portsmouth man won by a score of 100 to 95.—Foster's Democrat, Saturday.  
Scores of people suffered hard falls on the slippery sidewalks Sunday evening. Old and young went down in the most unexpected fashion, and in many instances it was a matter of several minutes to regain solid footing.  
Dress Suit cases all Leather, \$3 to \$15. Fur Robes \$5.35 to \$22, all colors and sizes. Direct from factory. Skates, 60c to \$1.75; Boxing Gloves, Punching Bags, \$1. to \$4. Polo Sticks at 18 Congress street. W. F. and C. E. Woods.

St. Nicholas' annual visit is almost due.  
This is the children's gala week of all the year.  
Last week was rather a quiet one at the hotels.  
There are no bookings at Muste hall this week.  
The rain of Sunday night was one to be remembered.  
Several local firms are putting out attractive calendars.  
How long is it since we had a really pleasant Sunday?  
There are many unique designs in candy boxes this year.  
The poultry trust has the market pretty well in its grasp.  
The stores will be crowded the first three days of this week.  
Local politics will begin to liven up, early in the new year.  
The post office employees will be glad when Christmas is over.  
The constitutional convention of 1902 is now a part of history.  
Portsmouth playgoers have several rich treats in store for them.  
Express companies are looking for record-breaking business this week.  
The express companies are having all the work they can possibly do.  
The weather man must hurry up if we are to have a white Christmas.  
The seventh annual ball of Division 2, A. O. H., will be held in Freeman's hall on January 7th next.  
Read the Christmas "ads," dear ladies, and order your presents by telephone and avoid the rush.  
An odd Christmas week, well in line with the whole year, which has been a perfect jumble of seasons.  
Portsmouth Council, No. 140, Knights of Columbus is arranging for a party at its rooms on New Year's eve.  
The boys and girls of Portsmouth appeal to the city authorities to set apart some good locality as a safe roasting place.  
The music for the ball of Division 2, A. O. H., on the evening of January 7th, 1903, will be by Joy and Philbrick's orchestra.  
Only a little time left for Christmas buying, but at French's you can select without loss of time, the variety is so extensive.  
Express handlers notice that the number of packages has increased over previous Christmas trade, but they average smaller.  
And still the fish famine continues, but this morning there were indications that the scarcity will not last a great while longer.  
Train service on the York Harbor & Beach railroad will be suspended from December 28, 1902 to April 26, 1903; both dates inclusive.  
At French's, there will be many new offerings brought out daily as the stock is being sold, so that you will find something new every day.  
Half the ill that man is heir to come from indigestion. Burdock Blood Bitters strengthens and tones the stomach, makes indigestion impossible.  
The full naval orchestra and choir of the Church of the Immaculate Conception held the final rehearsal on Sunday of the Christmas music, to be rendered at 10.30 a. m., and 7.30 p. m., Thursday.  
"I had a running, itching sore on my leg. Suffered tortures. Doan's Ointment took away the burning and itching instantly, and quickly effected permanent cure." C. W. Lenhart, Bowling Green, O.  
Yesterday was the winter solstice and the shortest day of the year. Today there is an infinitesimal increase in the length of daylight, but it would not pay anyone to watch for it.—Boston Post, today.  
One of the latest novelties shown for the holiday trade in the better grade of jewelers' shops is known as "royal copper." It is a highly polished copper, usually combined with silver, and some very attractive belt buckles, hat pins and other articles are shown.  
It is claimed that Maplewood farm, Portsmouth, owned by the late Frank Jones, for the past three years has paid a profit. Superintendent Mahoney is still in charge of the farm, the trustees having retained his services to wind up the trotting stock on the place.—Manchester Mirror.  
Subscribers with Mrs. Samuel Dodge of 102 State street to the new and elegant book, "Portsmouth, Historic and Picturesque," who have not already received their volumes and all desiring copies can have immediate delivery of same by application to Mrs. Dodge at her residence.  
Mrs. Pfeiffer, wife of Dr. Oscar Pfeiffer of Denver Col., with her two children, who have been passing the summer and autumn with her mother, Mrs. N. Gilman Polson of Lafayette road, leaves today for her home in the west. She will be accompanied by her mother, who will pass the winter with her.

Her gray hair makes her look 20 years older. And it's so thin, too. Tell her all about Ayer's Hair Vigor.

IN MONTREAL CATHEDRAL.  
William F. Pendergast Among Forty-Five Ordained There.  
At St. James' cathedral in Montreal, Canada, Saturday morning, a class of forty-five young men, nine of whom are for the diocese of New Hampshire, were ordained to the holy priesthood. In addition to the ordinations to the holy priesthood, several young men were elevated to the orders of deacon and sub-deacon. The solemn ceremonies were performed by the Rt. Rev. Joseph M. Emond, suffragan bishop of Valleyville, P. Q., assisted by some forty clergymen. The solemn services were witnessed by a gathering that crowded the sacred edifice to the doors.  
Of the nine young men who were ordained for this diocese, one is from Portsmouth—Rev. William F. Pendergast.  
All the young men completed their philosophical and theological studies at the Grand Seminary in Montreal. They will in all probability be assigned to parishes at the first of the new year.  
CITY GETS A SCARE.  
Lime Shed Destroyed at Plant of White Mountain Paper Company.  
An alarm of fire, sounded from boxes at exactly 6:30 o'clock this morning, was occasioned by a blaze in the lime and cement shed of the White Mountain Paper company at Freeman's Point.  
As soon as it became known that the fire was at the Point, the town became visibly excited and the dense clouds of black smoke that rolled over the city caused the report to be circulated that the big unfinished mills were being destroyed.  
The fire originated through water getting into the building, beneath the flooring, and communicating to the several car loads of lime stored within. The lime shed and its contents was totally destroyed.  
Steamer No. 4, with its hose and supply wagon, together with the Chemical, responded to the alarm, but could be of little service, the fire soon burning itself out.  
GOING UNDER THE HAMMER.  
All of the horses at Maplewood farm, Portsmouth, belonging to the estate of the late Hon. Frank Jones, go under the hammer at the January sale in Madison Square Garden. Supt. Mahoney has sold a few at private sale. The disbandment of this great stud is deplored by all horsemen, for its owner was a great factor in the promotion of breeding and racing, not only in New England but all over the country. He was a liberal buyer, and his racing stable was a leading combination down the Grand Circuit for several years, and had promise of even greater success in the future. Maplewood farm is one of the largest, most beautiful and fully equipped in existence, and whether or not it will be retained in the future by the heirs is only a matter of conjecture. An idea of the cost of running this great establishment, it may be said the maintenance of the house alone required a yearly outlay of \$20,000.—American Horse Breeder.  
MARSHAL MAKES THREE RAIDS.  
Marshal Entwistle, accompanied by Officer Hilton, visited Green street on Sunday, and paid an uninvited call to a couple of Italian establishments where a good deal of company was being entertained. The officers found considerable malt liquor on the premises and summoned both proprietors to appear in police court this morning. From Green street the police went to Daniel street, where another place was visited and the same procedure carried out.  
TAKEN TO WASHINGTON.  
Hospital Apprentice Dougherty of the U. S. S. Essex, now lying at the navy yard, who was recently taken suddenly insane, was transferred to the hospital at Washington on Saturday. He is held in high esteem by his shipmates, who sympathize deeply with him in his sad affliction and hope for his speedy recovery.  
FOUR PER CENT DIVIDEND.  
The directors of the New Hampshire National bank made their semi-annual examination of the bank today and declared a dividend of four per cent, payable December 31, to stockholders of record at the close of business on December 22.  
TWO CASES OF SMALL POX.  
Located in a French Family On Dupray Court, Off Deer Street.  
Two cases of smallpox were discovered this morning in a French family residing on Dupray Court, off Deer street. The family consists of the parents, six children and several boarders.  
The two persons stricken are the father (a man about forty-five years of age) and a boarder, a somewhat younger man. The former is a mild case, but that of the latter is a very virulent form of the dread disease.  
Dr. Hannaford, accompanied by Herbert E. Prime, another member of the board of health, visited the premises early this morning and placed the house in quarantine. A card was tacked on the door, and a police officer stationed nearby to see that no one entered or left the house.  
It seems that the children were out around town this morning and even the father, who is all broken out with the disease, was down town and went to the stable where he is employed. The father in conversation with a person this morning stated that a boarder at his house was broken out in the same manner as himself about two weeks ago, but after doctoring up for a few days the rash disappeared and the man resumed his labors at the White Mountain Paper plant.  
Dr. Hannaford was seen this morning and stated that the two patients would be removed to the pest house this evening and that an experienced nurse in Boston had been telegraphed for. The other members of the family will be kept in quarantine at their present home.  
UP IT GOES.  
Coal Barons Give Another Turn to the Screw.  
J. A. and A. W. Walker got orders today from the controlling minds of the coal output to boost the price of hard coal, wholesale and retail, to twelve dollars per ton.  
This is the Christmas present of the coal kings to the great American people, who have made them rich.  
POLICE COURT.  
Judge Adams presided in police court this morning and disposed of four cases.  
James Lee pleaded guilty to the charge of being a vagabond and will pass the remainder of the winter at Brentwood, where the price of coal is one of the things not much worried about.  
John Breen for being drunk at the Boston and Maine station on Sunday received a fine of \$10 and costs taxed at \$6.14.  
Carmine Piza of Daniel street pleaded not guilty to keeping malt liquor for sale, but having a special United States tax made out in his name and backed by strong evidence as to the amount of liquor found on his premises, the court fined him \$10 and costs taxed at \$6.90. Piza was represented by Lawyer Parker, who entered an appeal.  
Joseph Belmont of Green street on a like charge received a fine of \$10 and costs, which he paid.  
HARVEST DAYS FOR SHOP LIFTERS.  
The days before Christmas when the stores are crowded with shoppers and the clerks are all busy in waiting on customers, are the harvest days for shoplifters and Portsmouth merchants suffer the same as those in the larger cities, but on a smaller scale. Last Saturday in one store on Market street nearly fifty dollars worth of stuff was missed and all the merchants report losses of more or less total.  
SUPERIOR COURT.  
Judge Young was on hand at nine o'clock this morning and took up the contested divorce case of George A. Moore vs. Edith Moore. Many witnesses were heard on both sides and much spicy testimony was given.  
It was a case of cross libel and after hearing the testimony Judge Young dismissed both suits.  
UNLUCKY MASCAGNI.  
Mascagni, the composer, is again in trouble, out in Chicago, this time. Joseph Ryan, a press agent, who boomed the composer in advance, sues him for \$134, and had a debtor's warrant served on him. Mascagni was paroled in the custody of his lawyer.

(Amount of set matter.)

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|---|---|-------|
| Local   | 6 | cols. |
| Random Gossip                                       | 2 | 1-2   |
| Telegraphic (not plate, but fresh)                  | 3 | "     |
| Miscellany (editorials, theatrical, Suburban, etc.) | 9 | "     |

The Herald is the only afternoon paper in Portsmouth that prints all the news worth printing every day, besides presenting exclusive special features and running in "scoops" so frequently that they are considered almost ordinary occurrences in this office.

PERSONALS.

Mrs. Willis Schurman passed Sunday in South Eliot.  
James E. Kelley passed Sunday at his home in Dover.  
Right Rev. Mgr. Daniel W. Murphy of Dover was in town on Saturday.  
Police Officer Michael Kelley is enjoying his annual ten days' leave of absence.  
Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Dana of Hampton Falls registered at Young's, Boston, on Saturday.  
Comdr. William Winder, U. S. N., is visiting his mother, Mrs. Abbie Winder, of Islington street.  
Miss Marie deRochemont of Wellesley college is at her home in Newington for the holidays.  
Miss Minnie Woods of Pleasant street left last Saturday for New York, to pass the holidays.  
Mrs. Leander White of Cape Elizabeth, Me., formerly of New Castle, is visiting friends in this city.  
Montgomery Anderson, a popular navy yard employe, is seriously ill at his home at the South end.  
Miss Maud Washburn of Portland is passing Christmas week with Mrs. I. H. Washburn and family of Middle street.  
Jefferson C. Rowe, captain of the watch at the navy yard, takes this Christmas week for his annual vacation.  
Miss Chisholm, the singing deaconess of Boston, was the guest of Rev. Thomas Whiteside and family over Sunday.  
Mrs. Sadie Dickey Simpson will assist the choir at the church of the Immaculate Conception on Christmas day.  
Col. J. H. Miller of the 7th Regiment of New York, came to this city on Saturday to remain until Tuesday evening.  
Miss Mary Louise Bennett of Boston, Mass., is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Bennett, for the holidays.  
Robert Noble of Hudson, N. Y., who has been visiting his sister at Noble's Island for several months, returns home on Tuesday.  
Miss Rose McDonald has finished the season as milliner at Mrs. B. F. Lombard's and has returned to her home in Jamaica Plains.  
Mrs. John Pethic is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Donnelly of Charlestown and will pass Christmas at their home.  
Miss Margaret Pattison of Arlington Heights, Mass., will pass the Christmas holidays as the guest of Miss Mary E. Cal of Pleasant street.  
Mrs. Charles H. Hutchings and granddaughter leave this afternoon for Boston, where they will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Hill, Derby House.  
John E. Carroll resumes his position as chef at Ham's restaurant today, having returned from a honeymoon trip to New York, Philadelphia and other cities.  
Harry Peyser of Dartmouth college comes to his home in this city tomorrow to pass the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Peyser of Rockland street.  
Emerson Hovey, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston, is passing his vacation with his parents, Rev. and Mrs. Henry Emerson Hovey at St. John's rectory.  
Harry Mason, who successfully underwent the amputation of his left arm in Boston several months ago, because of paralysis of the nerves and muscles, is visiting friends in town.  
Hugh McShane of this city is one of the promoters of the Union Express company which has been organized at Portland to carry on a general express business. Its capital is to be \$10,000, and articles of incorporation have been filed with the secretary of state at Augusta.  
J. Tempieman Coolidge of Beacon street, Boston, and Little Harbor, this city, with his two older daughters, the Misses Mollie and Katrine, who have been passing several months abroad, principally in Italy, reached New York on Sunday. The youngest children of Mr. Coolidge have been in the charge of their aunt, Miss Parkman, during his absence.

Cut Flowers

R. E. Hannaford's

FLORIST,  
Newcastle Avenue,  
TELEPHONE CON.

FIRES

Are Sure To Happen.  
Look out for them this winter, when so many wood fires are going.  
Are you insured? If not you had better let us write you an insurance policy on your house or furniture. Drop a postal and we will call.

FRANK D. BUTLER,

Real Estate and Insurance,  
3 Market Street.

Your Winter Suit

Should be  
WELL MADE.  
It sh. uld be  
STYLISH  
And  
PERFECT FIT.  
The largest assortment of UP-TO-DATE  
SAMPLES to be shown in the city  
Cleansing, Turning And  
Pressing a Specialty.

D. O'LEARY,

Bridge Street.

Old Furniture  
Made New.

Why don't you send some of your badly worn upholstered furniture to Robert H Hall and have it re-upholstered? It will cost but little.  
Manufacturer of All Kinds of Cushions  
And Coverings.

R. H. HALL

Hanover Street, Near Market.

The Evening  
Herald

A live local paper.  
Enterprising, but not  
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